

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

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[No. II.]

ON HOPE AND REFLECTION.

From MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, by J. BLAIR LINN.

THE anticipation of future events, which we conceive will tend to our happiness, elates the mind with joy and pleasure. We are animated by the lively fallies of imagination, and with anxious smiles cast forward a searching eye; the beneficial effects arising from the desired event, appear dressed in the most beautiful colours, and give the mind a captivating glow, which prompts the wished embrace. But ah! how often does the long looked for period at length arrive, but only to disappoint the unhappy being, lulled by the giddy flights of a warm imagination, and dreaming of honour, popularity and reward. Led by the fond deceiver Hope, the author invokes his solitary muse; with gloomy pleasure he devises plans; alone he seeks the hoary genius of reflection, and gives to the world the offspring of his labour. The world with frowns receives the gift; no smile breaks through the fullen gloom, and soon a startling voice, not that of gentle candour, blasts the nourished hope of the degraded author. Then from the muses spreading grove he takes his lonely way, to where decaying oaks refuse a cooling shade. No more he silent ponders on Parnassus' flowery banks, but seeks the stagnant pool. Hope first seduced the hapless Chatterton; on her he placed his confidence; but alas! he placed them upon a deceiver. At length wearied of her promises, he banished her from his melancholy abode, and sought the arms of death. Hope is one of the pleasing passions of the human breast; it furnishes the mind with employment, beyond what the present time affords. We receive nearly an equal pleasure in anticipating some future event, as if we realized it. Hope presents to us futurity, while Imagination decorates it in beautiful robes. Without Hope man would lead a dull and unhappy life. It is her which animates him, and calls forth his faculties to action, she gives him serenity and good humour. Hope, says Addison, is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her when she does not attend to it—it makes pain easy and labour sweet.

How kind and indulgent does Hope lend her smiles on the youthful lover; she conveys him to a beautiful bow-

er, where the rose, the jessamine, and the most odorous flowers lend their sweet perfume; she there presents to his view the object of his affection, and dwells on the future period, when he shall lead her blooming to the altar. When our country calls the soldier to arms, when in sight the hostile armies approach, and martial music sounds the dreadful onset, what is it that keeps alive the courage of the hero, and bids him undauntedly face the cannon's bellowing mouth. It is the gentle soother Hope that glows within his bosom. He hopes he shall be one of that happy number which shall survive the conflict; that victory will crown his valour, and that his country will receive him with a wreath of laurels.

There is another power bestowed upon man, from which he receives a great source of pleasure. This power, which is Reflection, though of a nature widely different, seems to be in some instances, a little similar with Hope. Hope anticipates things which are to come; Reflection calls to mind what is past; the one is the offspring of that creative power the imagination, the other of the memory; the one is elated by the expectation of future happiness, the other looks back with a smile of exquisite pleasure, on experienced incidents; the one takes its abode in the cheerful breast of youth, the other in the experienced bosom of old age. We may be said to possess double pleasure from the anticipation of the happiness which an approaching event will confer upon us, and also, that we cannot fully enjoy one without reflecting upon it. It is hard to determine from which of these faculties of the mind it is, that we receive the most pleasure. How highly gratifying to the old man, must it be to recollect a well spent life; with what delight can he dwell on his puerile tricks, and youthful employments, when the tinge of health glowed upon his cheek, and when strength nerved his limbs; the many happy years he has enjoyed, blessed with the smiles of a youthful bride; with what respect and attention ought the young to listen to the tales of his youth. If not entertained by them, duty ought to command their attention; we can in no instance, more than by doing this, draw upon us the love and affection of the aged; we can in no instance more agreeably indulge their humours, and bestow on their wrinkled countenances, the smile of satisfaction.

RURAL PROBITY.

PERRIN was born in Brittany, in a village near Vitré; when he came into the world, poverty received him into her cold embrace; he lost his father and mother before he could pronounce their names; he owed his subsistence to public charity; he learned to read and write; this was the utmost extent of his education. At the age of fifteen he hired himself to a farmer; he was intrusted with the care of a flock. Lucetta, a young girl of the neighbourhood, at the same time tended her father's sheep. She led them to pastures, where she often met Perrin, who paid her all the little services and assiduities that were possible at his age and in his situation. Their custom of being together, their quiet occupations, their innocence, and goodness of heart, their officious attention to each other, produced a mutual attachment: They were fond of each other's company; they waited with impatience for the hour at which they usually met in the meadow; they quitted it with regret; because, when they were to leave it, they were to separate. Their young hearts were susceptible; they already felt the passion of love, though they were ignorant of its nature and its tendency. Five years glided away in innocent amusements; their sentiments grew more animated and ardent; they never met now without the warmest emotions, which were heightened by the artless expressions of their love. Lucetta frequently checked Perrin's passion, not without regretting the constraint to which she was subjected by her conscious and ingenuous modesty; Perrin sighed, and imitated her cautious behaviour. They both wished to be united by wedlock, and communicated to each other their mutual desire. Marriage is the final object of rural love. Seducement is not known in the innocent village; the coquette and the man of intrigue are characters not to be met with there. Perrin intended to ask Lucetta of her father; he communicated his intention to his mistress, who blushed at the proposal, yet frankly acknowledged that it gave her a very sensible pleasure. She did not however chuse to be present at the interview between him and her father; she told her lover that she was to go to the neighbouring town the next day; she desired him to avail himself of her absence, and to acquaint her in the evening with his success.

The young man, at the appointed time, flew to Lucetta's father. He opened his mind to him without reserve. Studied persuasion and art are not the talents of rustic orators. He frankly told him that he loved Lucetta—You love my daughter, answered the old man abruptly!—you would marry her!—are you in earnest, Perrin?—How do you propose to live? Have you clothes to give her? Have you a roof to cover her; have you food to support her? You are a servant; you have nothing. Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are not in a condition to keep a wife and family.—I have hands, replied Perrin, I have health and strength; a man who loves his wife never wants employment; and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta! Hitherto I have gained five crowns every year, I have saved twenty; they will defray the

expences of the wedding. I will work more diligently; my savings will augment; I shall be able to take a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life; why may not I succeed as well as they?—Very true, Perrin; you are young; you may wait yet for some time; when I find you a rich man, my daughter is yours; but till then make me no more absurd and romantic proposals.

Perrin could obtain no other answer; he ran to meet Lucetta; he soon found her; he was deeply affected with his disappointment; she read on his face the tidings he was going to announce.—My father then has refused you!—Ah Lucetta, how unhappy I am to have been born poor! But I have not lost all hope; my situation may change: Your husband would have spared no pains to procure you a comfortable subsistence; will not your lover do as much to have the happiness of one day possessing you? We shall yet be united; I will not quit the delightful prospect. I conjure you to keep your heart for me; remember you have pledged it to me. Should your father propose a match for you;—Lucetta!—That is the only misfortune I can fear: Your compliance would terminate my life.—And could I, Perrin, marry any one but you! no! if I am not your wife, I will be the wife of no other man upon earth.

They held this conversation on the road to Vitré. Night advancing obliged them to quicken their pace. The evening was dark. Perrin's foot hits against something on the road, and he falls. He searches for what occasioned his fall; he finds it; 'tis a heavy bag; he takes it up; and, curious to know what it contains, he goes with Lucetta into a field where a fire which the peasants had lighted in the day time was yet burning. By the light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds gold in it.—What do I see, cried Lucetta!—Ah! Perrin, you are become rich!—Is it possible, replied Perrin, that it is now in my power to possess you! Can Heaven have been so propitious to our love as to bestow upon me what will procure your father's consent to our marriage, and make us happy! This idea infuses joy into their souls. They view the gold with eagerness, almost distrustful of their eyes; sometimes they quit the shining object, and look on each other with tenderness and transport. Their first surprise being abated, they count the sum; it amounts to twelve thousand livres. They are enchanted with their immense treasure.—Ah, Lucetta, cries Perrin, your father can no longer oppose my happiness.—Lucetta cannot find words to answer him; but her eyes are animated and eloquent; she presses her lover's hand with rapture. Perrin is now certain that his bliss will soon be ratified: He embraces his mistress with ardour and ecstacy: He is absorbed in the idea of his approaching felicity.—Amiable Lucetta, cries he, how dear is this fortune to me; for I shall share it with you!

They tie up their treasure, and proceed towards Lucetta's father's; for they were determined to shew it immediately to the old man. They were now near his house, when on a sudden Perrin stopped.—By this gold, says he, we expect to be happy; but is it ours? It undoubtedly belongs to a traveller: The fair of Vitré is just ended. Some merchant has probably lost it in his

return home; at this very moment, whilst we are giving up ourselves to joy, he, perhaps, is a prey to despair.

—Your reflection is terrible, answered Lucetta; the unhappy man, without doubt, is in the utmost distress; can we enjoy what belongs to him? You make me tremble.—We were carrying this money to your father, replied Perrin; through its influence, he would unquestionably have consented to make us happy: But could we have been happy in usurping the property of another? Let us go to the rector of our parish; he has always shewn me great humanity; he recommended me to the master whom I serve; I should take no material step without consulting him.

The rector was at home. Perrin gave him the bag which he had found. He owned that he at first looked upon it as a gift from Heaven: He acquainted him with his love of Lucetta, and with the obstacle which his poverty had proved to their union. The good man was all attention to the story; he gave them looks of paternal affection; their behaviour awoke the sensibility of his soul; he saw the ardour of a mutual passion glisten in their eyes; he admired their passion: but he more admired their probity. He applauded their generous conduct.—Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments as long as you live. The consciousness of them will make you happy; and they will draw down from Providence a blessing on your endeavours. We shall find the owner of this money; he will recompense your integrity; to his reward I will add a part of the money I have saved; Lucetta shall be yours; I will take upon me to obtain her father's consent; you are worthy of each other. If the money which you have deposited with me is not reclaimed, it belongs to the poor; you are poor; in restoring it to you I shall think that I act in obedience to Providence, who by your finding it and lodging it with me, has already marked you out as an object of his favour.

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened with the hope of being yet united. The bag was proclaimed in the rector's parish; advertisements of it were posted up at Vitre, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and selfish persons: but none of them gave an accurate account of the sum, the specie, and the bag which contained it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER VIII.

THE SUBJECT OF ECONOMY CONTINUED—SEPARATE PURSES, &c. &c.

THE subject nearest my heart (your ease and welfare) will flow to my pen. Your family affairs will and ought to engross much of your time.

The old maxim, that *without frugality none can be rich*, and *with it very few would be poor*, can never be too much inculcated. Your prudence is such, that I know

you will strictly attend to the article of regularity in expences, and never exceed on any account, that part which more immediately falls under your share of management; be it much or little, the great affair is to keep *within it*. Every person who has been so imprudent as to exceed their circumstances, must, in order to retrieve the bad management, resolutely avoid certain expences, which have been the most formidable articles. The placid satisfaction, the quiet slumbers of those people who inflexibly measure their expences, and confine their desires within the circle of their yearly revenue (whatever it is) is as impossible to be described, as the dreadful consequences and reflections must be which arise from a contrary conduct.

Many wives approve of the scheme of a yearly income set apart for their own private use; but surely all separate purses are *unnecessary*; for if a woman can give her person to a man, and depend on him for the happiness of her whole life, she may well rely on his honour for whatever her expences may be: there seems less of *generosity* than of *prudence* in this measure. Undoubtedly, there should be no reserve of expences on either side, and where there is but *one heart*, one would imagine there should be but *one purse*.

One should express some degree of surprize, if, on two poor industrious people marrying, one of them was to reserve a separate share of their small gains apart from the other; one should naturally imagine they were both equally entitled to the same common stock. Surely the same observation will hold good in higher life, and perhaps this fashion of a considerable separate allowance, may run many women of a gay dissipated turn into extravagance; which without they had it in their power to gratify, by not being *accountable* for their expences to their husbands, might never have entered their heads. But surely, to a woman of sentiment and generosity, who is greatly attached to her husband, a separate purse can be no more than a *nominal* advantage; for what wife, who has the least tenderness or consideration for her husband's domestic affairs, could support the idea of *withholding* any sum from him: or even knowing she had it in her power, without alleviating to the utmost his *present* distress, or contributing to his *future* ease, by joyfully relinquishing every possible relief in her power for his advantage? A *separate* provision may be *prudent*; but does it not supply a doubt of the husband's *generosity*?

Many women object to acquaint an husband of their common expences; but if he is reasonable, he will see the expence is *necessary*; and if it be *not* so, the wife is better without it. In short, it seems an absolute contradiction to have *separate* interests, where we are to imagine the friendship is so tender and sacred. Many women may think I am preaching up sad doctrine on this head; but their objections to it are easily answered, by asking, if *husband* and *wife* (as they are called) be *one* or *not*? If *not*, all *prudent* caution on this article is absolutely necessary; but if the former, there can be no separate purses or separate interests.

Believe me your most affectionate friend, &c.

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 79.)

DURING all this time the Prince stood fearless and tranquil, his eyes fixed on the second apparition. "Yes, I know thee" said he at last, with emotion; "Thou art Lanoy. Thou art my friend. Whence dost thou come?"

"Eternity is mute. Ask me about my past life."

"I wish to know who it is that lives in the Convent which thou mentionedst to me in thy last moments."

"My daughter."

"How? Hast thou been a father?"

"Woe is me that I was not such an one as I ought to have been."

"Art thou not happy, Lanoy?"

"God has judged."

"Can I render thee any further service in this world?"

"None, but to think of thyself."

"How must I do it?"

"Thou wilt hear at Rome."

The thunder again rolled; a black cloud of smoke filled the room; it dispersed, and the figure was no longer visible. I forced open one of the window shutters. It was day break.

The conjurer now recovered his senses. "Where are we?" asked he, seeing the day light. The Russian Officer stood close behind him, and looking over his shoulder: "Juggler!" said he to him, with a terrible countenance; "thou shalt no more call a Ghost."

The Sicilian turned round, considered his face attentively, screamed aloud, and threw himself at his feet.

We looked all at once at the pretended Russian. The Prince easily recognized the features of the Arminian, and the words he was about to utter expired on his tongue. Fear and amazement petrified us. Silent and motionless, our eyes were fixed on this mysterious being, who beheld us with a calm but penetrating look of grandeur and superiority. A minute elapsed in this awful silence, another succeeded; not a breath was to be heard.

A violent knocking at the door drew us at last out of this stupefaction. The door fell in pieces into the room, and a Bailiff, with the watch, immediately entered. "Here they are, all together!" said he to his followers—Then addressing himself to us—"In the name of the Senate," continued he, "I arrest you." We were surrounded before we had time to recollect ourselves. The Russian Officer, whom I shall again call the Arminian, took the Bailiff aside, and, notwithstanding the confusion I was in, I observed him whispering to the latter, and shewing him a written paper. The Bailiff bowing respectfully, immediately quitted him, turned to us, and taking off his hat, said: "Gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon for having confounded you with this villain. I shall not enquire who you are, as this gentleman assures me you are men of honour." At the same time he gave his companions a sign to leave us at liberty. He

ordered the Sicilian to be bound and guarded. "The fellow is well known," added he, "we have been searching for him these seven months."

The wretched Conjurer was now become a real object of pity. The terror caused by the second apparition, and by this unexpected arrest, had together overpowered his senses. Helpless as a child, he suffered himself to be bound without resistance. His eyes were wide open and immovable; his face pale as death. Not a word escaped his quivering lips. Every moment we thought he was falling into convulsions. The Prince was moved by the situation in which he saw him. He discovered his rank to the Bailiff, and intreated him to grant the Conjurer his liberty. "You do not know, my Prince," said the Bailiff, "for whom your highness is so generously interceding. The juggling tricks by which he endeavoured to deceive you, are the least of his crimes. We have secured his accomplices; they depose terrible facts against him. He may think himself happy if he is only punished with the galleys."

In the mean time we saw the Inn-keeper and his family tied together and led through the yard. "He too!" said the Prince, "and what is his crime?"

"He has concealed the Sicilian, and acted as his accomplice;" answered the Bailiff. "He assisted him in his deceptions and robberies, and shared the booty with him. Your Highness shall be convinced of it presently." Then, turning to his companions, he ordered them to search the house, and to bring him whatever they might find.

The Prince looked for the Arminian, but he had disappeared. In the confusion occasioned by the arrival of the watch, he had found means to steal away unperceived. The Prince was inconsolable. He declared he would send all his servants, he would go himself in search of this mysterious man. He wished to have me along with him. I looked out of the window; the house was surrounded by a great number of people, who had assembled from curiosity, on hearing of this event. It was impossible to get through the crowd. I represented to the Prince, that if it was the Arminian's serious intention to conceal himself from us, he was so well acquainted with the means of doing it, that all our enquiries would prove fruitless. "Let us rather remain here a little longer," added I. "This Bailiff, to whom, if I am not mistaken, he has discovered himself, may perhaps give us a more particular account of him."

At the same time we recollected that we were still undressed. We went to the other pavilion and put on our clothes in haste. When we came back, they had finished the searching of the house.

The altar having been removed, and the boards of the floor taken up, a spacious vault was discovered. It was so high that a man might sit upright in it with ease, and was separated from the cave by a secret door and a narrow stair case. In this vault they found an electrical machine, a clock, and a little silver bell, which, as well as the electrical machine, had a communication with the altar and the crucifix that was fastened upon it. A hole had been made in the window shutter, opposite the chimney, which opened and shut with a slide. In this

A SONNET.

Translated from the original Irish, as now spoken in that part of Ireland called the Deasey's county.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the ring of day first break.

The soft, the young, the gay, delightful morning, kissed the crimson off the rose, mixed it with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina, soul that informs my heart; do thou smile too, more lovely than the morning in her blushes, more modest than the rifled lily, when weeping in her dew.

Pride of the western shore, the sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance. The richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple blossoms.

Black are thy locks, my Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions, the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck, and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina, the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, and the heath reserves its bloom to greet thee with its odour.

Thy lover will pick thee strawberries from the lofty cragg, and rob the hazel of its yellow nuts. My berries shall be red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe and milky as the love begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile, shall I not meet thee in the moss grown cave, and press thy beauties in the wood of Miscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock, telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone in the valley?

And didst thou hear my song, O virgin daughter of a meek eyed mother!

Thou comest, Evelina, like summer to the children of frost, and welcome are thy steps to my view as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness!

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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

Mr. BULL,

Please to insert in your Magazine the following Enigma of amiable young ladies, under sixteen years of age, and you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

1. Five-tenths of a song of thanksgiving, and a consonant.
2. An esculent grain, changing a letter, and three-fourths of a boundary.
3. The most industrious insect, a consonant, and the lord of the creation.
4. One of the twelve signs of the zodiac.
5. Two-fourths of a musical instrument, a consonant, and four-sixths of the name of a plant.
6. A small rivulet, and a consonant.
7. Two-fifths of an examiner and two-eighths of a bird.
8. Three-fourths of a pond-fish, and three-sixths of a kind of hawk.

CURIOSUS.

NEW-YORK, September 4, 1795.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JOHN A. CHAPMAN, to Miss SALLY LELAND, daughter of Mr. THOMAS LELAND, of this city.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, FELIX DE ST. HILAIRE, Esq; to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, CHARLES ADAMS, Esq; to Miss SALLY SMITH, both of this city.

Results of METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for the month of August, 1795.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer on Fahrenheit's Scale—

| | | | deg. | 100. |
|--|--------------------|----------|------|------|
| | At 8, A. M. | | 76 | 24 |
| Do. | do. | 1, P. M. | 82 | 91 |
| Do. | do. | 6, P. M. | 78 | 13 |
| Do. | of the whole month | | 79 | 28 |
| Greatest monthly range between | | | | |
| | the 7th & 21st | | 36 | 0 |
| The warmest day the | 7th | | 93 | 50 |
| Do. do. in 24 hours between the | | | | |
| | 20th and 21st | | 30 | 50 |
| The coolest do. the | 21st | | 57 | 50 |
| 14 days it was clear at 8, 1 & 6 o'clock. | | | | |
| 9 do. it was cloudy at 8, 1, & 6 o'clock. | | | | |
| 11 do. it rained. | | | | |
| 17 do. the wind was to the westward of N. & S. | | | | |
| N. B. On the 7th of this month, the mercury was 4-50 degrees higher than any day of the last summer. | | | | |

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 1st to the 7th inst.

| Days of the Month. | Thermometer observed at | | | Prevailing winds. | OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER. | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|----------|----------|-------------------|------------------------------|-------|-------|
| | 8, A. M. | 1, P. M. | 6, P. M. | | 8. | 1. | 6. |
| Sept. 1 | 73 | 75 | 77 | W. N. do. | cloudy | light | wind. |
| 2 | 66 | 70 | 70 | NE. do. | rain, | high | wind. |
| 3 | 65 | 71 | 71 | W. do. do. | clear | do. | do. |
| 4 | 64 | 75 | 73 | NW. | clear | do. | do. |
| 5 | 67 | 74 | 72 | NW. do. | cloudy, | do. | do. |
| 6 | 70 | 75 | 73 | NW. do. | clear, | do. | do. |
| 7 | 68 | 50 | 74 | N. NE. | rain, | do. | |

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE HERMIT.

IN yonder Cave, 'midst tow'ring trees,
Confin'd within a mighty wood,
A Hermit lives, he lives in ease,
He thinks of nought but doing good.

No anxious cares corrode his mind,
No griefs disturb his aged breast:
Within his ancient wood confin'd,
To him the world is but a jest.

Near by his cave a purling rill,
To quench his thirst, runs bubbling by;
Of Roots and herbs he eats his fill,
At night lies down without a sigh.

In solitude he still finds charms
T'endear to him his fav'rite spot;
And while he dwells secure from harms
He glories in his happy lot.

Such are the joys a Hermit feels,
Such the delights a wood contains;
In ev'ry state contentment heals
The worst of ills—the worst of pains.

NEW-YORK, September 4, 1795.

ALEX.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF LEWIS GRAHAM, WHO A FEW DAYS SINCE, IN HIS SIXTEENTH YEAR, FELL A VICTIM TO THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

AUTUMN begins its dreary reign;
Grey mists upon the mountains lie;—
Soon shall the foilage strew the plain,
And ev'ry charm of nature die.

The wither'd tree—the yellow dale
Will soothe the sorrows of my heart;
Like nature, I alas bewail—
Forc'd from a dearest friend to part.

VIRTUE had form'd his youthful mind;
VICE was a stranger to his breast;
PITY his gen'rous soul inclin'd
To help the wretched and distressed.

But who can stop the fleeting breath?
Ev'n virtue hath not pow'r to save!
All must obey the call of death,
And moulder in the silent grave.

So fell my friend, to death a prey:
Where swells the turf on yonder heath,
There LEWIS joins his native clay,
And slumbers in the arms of death.

The rose—the sun which shines so bright
Are emblems of thy fleeting day;
Soon sol is hid in shades of night—
The blooming flowret fades away.

Ev'n so thy days were quickly gone;
The rose of health soon took its flight;
That eye which once with lustre shone
Is clos'd in everlasting night.

But why should I lament thy doom;
Why spend each passing hour in grief;
Can tears restore thee from the tomb!
Can sorrow bring the heart relief!

Tho' friendship o'er thy fate should grieve;
Tho' pity's tears thy ashes lave;
Can death's dim eye those woes perceive!
Or dwells thy spirit in the grave!

No—Bursting from death's gloomy sway
Th' ethereal spirit swiftly flies,
And, borne upon the wings of day,
Claims its bright mansion in the skies.

NEW-YORK, September 1, 1795.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

AN EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

TO a Mouse, says a Miser, "My dear Mr. Mouse,
Pray what may you please for to want in my house?"
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,
You are safe in your person, your purse, and your diet;
A lodging I want, which e'en you may afford,
But none would come here to beg, borrow, or board."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

I AM aware that the subjects of the following composition, and the succeeding ones, which may appear under the same signature, are, in general, of too serious a nature to suit many of the readers of the MAGAZINE: but it is certainly (if I may be allowed the expression) an error on the right side of the question. Nor am I ignorant that the author will be stamped with the character of a BOANERGES: yet, as these poems shew the drift of his mind at the several times when they were written, he is not solicitous about the epithets which may be bestowed upon him. And when I add, that these pieces are chiefly productions of his *puerile* years, I hope the candid reader, from a consideration of the many inevitable errors which the most mature judgment is liable to fall into, will not treat them with severity; but rather foster the smoking flame of a young *genius*, just venturing to appear abroad in the world.

TO MY COMPANIONS.

LOOK, look! Oh, take a view
Of our most wretched state!
And straight a way with zeal pursue,
To fly from frowning fate.

As on a precipice,
We all blindfolded stand;
Whose lofty top heaves to the skies,
And base salutes the land.

But see, below it roll
Billows of fire and smoke;
Oceans of flame, where devils howl,
And ghosts of ghastly look.

Toward these miseries
We all slide swiftly on,
Till from the slipp'ry precipice
We'll headlong tumble down.

Now could we have our fight,
And all these dangers know,
We'd hasten from the slipp'ry height,
To safer ground we'd go.

So, if we do not cease
From ev'ry kind of sin,
The happy gates of joy and peace
We ne'er shall enter in.

But blinded, we shall go
To everlasting pain:
Plung'd in the gulph of endless woe,
To never rise again.

And now to what I've said,
I beg you to attend:
Behold your danger, be afraid,
And straight begin to mend.

NORTH-CASTLE, December 12, 1787.

ETHICUS.

GRACE AFTER DINNER AT A MISER'S.

THANKS for this miracle; it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness:
In midst of famine we have found relief;
And seen the wonder of a chine of beef;
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.